

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.
BELLVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL
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"Our conversation, gentlemen, a few
moments since, on *dining*, brought to
mind an incident of my life in which my
fate, as predicted by an old fortune-teller,
was near being fulfilled, which I will tell
you, and also the singular manner of my
escape:

"In my infancy, I was called the 'little
cub,' not from my rudeness of temper, or
clumsy extremities, (for I enjoy the com-
mon reputation of being a very fine child,)
but from this circumstance: My father
had a fancy for pets of all kinds, and
among them was a well-known bear, as
tame and gentle as a kitten; and during
the height of the hurricane of 1804, while
the family were retreating from the dwell-
ing to the kitchen for greater safety, I
being lower to the ground and a stronger
frame, my nurse was blown over with me
in her arms, and in the fury of the storm,
and the blackness of darkness, she lost her
hold of me, and I could not be found.
The family had reached the kitchen, and
was soon followed by my nurse, screaming
higher than the wind; but her terror
and that of my parents was gone in a mo-
ment, for the bear stepped in, walking
uprightly, and holding me safely and
softly in his embrace. Hence, for many
years after, I was known in the family and
the village as the 'little cub.' Now this,
with all the perishable record of nursery
tales, had passed out of my memory, when
I was most disagreeably reminded of it;
and I introduce it because it furnishes
the key to my story. While a student at
Philadelphia, I accompanied two young
ladies from Georgia, then finishing their
education at a boarding-school, to a 'for-
tune-teller' in Callowhill-street, who had
great notoriety for her wonderful disclo-
sures of the past, and fulfillment of her
predictions for the future. I need not say
that I went merely for the pleasure of
waiting upon the girls, and to gratify
them, for they had been looking to the
appointment impatiently, and were full
of rose-colored anticipations in the com-
ing examination of their fair but treacher-
ous palms. We were admitted separately
into her presence; and when it came to my
turn, I stood before the prophetess with
the same indifference I would before an
owl, which she very much resembled.
She noticed this, and was angry, for she
expected great awe and deference. She
took my right hand and traced its lines
minutely, then consulted her chart, and
with much form and solemnity pronoun-
ced 'my fortune.' I paid the accustomed
fee, and laughed in her face. She sprang
from her seat and caught my left hand;
her face was cold and trembling with rage.
She made a hasty survey, and then darting
at me a look of black revenge, she mutter-
ed between her snake-like teeth: 'Your
life was saved by a bear, and it will be
taken by a bear! Now go!' said she, and
she waved her bony arm toward the door.
But I was motionless, pale, and confound-
ed. She saw my discomfiture, and in turn
she giggled in my face, and left me to my
reflection. I recovered in a few minutes
from the amazement in which she left me,
and joined the young ladies in the recep-
tion-room. I found Mary very happy,
and Jane very sad and in tears. Mary
controlled her joy in sympathy for her
companion, and we left the house in si-
lence, nor was it broken until we reached
the seminary. We rested on the steps,
and told our fortunes to each other. Poor
Jane tried to laugh at my pleasant pros-
pects, and I took my leave.

"I graduated the following spring, and
returned to Georgia. The ladies also com-
pleted their course, and returned to their
homes. It is useless to say I was not an-
noyed at the old woman's allusion to my
infant adventure, for it happened a thou-
sand miles off, and twenty years before,
and I had almost forgotten it myself.
More important matters, however, engaged
my attention, and regarding it only as
something very singular, I dismissed it
from my mind. Ten years after, I was
present at an inauguration-ball at Milledge-
ville, and among the day, fashionable as-
semblage of ladies, I was delighted to see
my Philadelphia friend, Mary, who was
leaning upon the arm of a distinguished
member of Congress, whom I knew very
well, and with that ease and confidence
which at once assured me he was her
husband. I took the earliest opportunity
to approach her and renew our acquain-
tance. She seemed sincerely glad to meet
me, and, as was natural with friends sepa-
rated for so long a period, our inquiries
were directed to our histories in the in-
tervening time. She told me she had
crossed the water, had seen strange people,
and heard strange languages, for her father
had taken his family with him while
minister at a foreign court; that she had
lost a near relative, (her mother) had
married young, and the man of her choice,
and a statesman whom the people were
pleased to call distinguished, 'all of
which, you will remember, was predicted
for me on our visit to Callowhill-street, to

the very letter'; and she added, hurriedly,
'You have heard of poor Jane! I went
step by step, as was foretold for her on
that same evening. She had many suitors
married injudiciously, was neglected and
almost deserted; lived unhappily, and
died young. Is it not strange?' she asked;
then looking earnestly at me, she said:
'Do you every think of that dreadful
bear!'

"I left Milledgeville a few days after-
ward, and, having no traveling companion,
I thought a great deal of what I had heard
from Mary, and determined, if extreme
prudence and caution would avail any-
thing, I would at least falsify the old
bear's prediction in regard to myself. And
I confess, gentlemen, in your repeated
bear-hunt nothing could have tempted me
to join you. But with all my manage-
ment to avoid my threatened destroyer, I
was fairly caught at last. One morning,
when returning from one of the upper
plantations, and passing the western angle
of Colonel Dick's river-bank, I heard a
piercing scream of distress; and I was
repeated again and again. The negro
who was paddling the canoe exclaimed:
'Master, what's that!' And again the
cry rung in our ears. I directed him to
paddle up quickly to the spot; and taking
up my rifle, (which I all
gater-season,) I jumped ashore and ran
down the bank a hundred yards or more,
until opposite the spot from which the
screams proceeded. I was excited by curi-
osity to discover the sufferer and the hope
to relieve him; and I leaped into the
swamp and forced my way in some dis-
tance, when I came to an open space, and
in the middle of it were two dogs and a
naked man in a desperate conflict. I re-
cognized the human form, and my other
animal. I enjoyed the fight exceedingly,
which ended in favor of the dogs. The
cat was prostrate between them, and they
sat very near each other, panting, and
watching any signs of returning life, to
enjoy the prospect of the meal before him;
but he was not the human form, and my
struck dead by an alligator with one
sweep of his tail. I had not seen him
before, as he lay concealed in the thicket
close to the combatants. He whirled
around, and facing his victims, he seemed
to enjoy the prospect of the meal before him;
but he was not the human form, and my
struck dead by an alligator with one
sweep of his tail. I had not seen him
before, as he lay concealed in the thicket
close to the combatants. He whirled
around, and facing his victims, he seemed
to enjoy the prospect of the meal before him;

"You will understand my feelings, gen-
tlemen. My rifle was empty, there was
no time to reload, and I was otherwise
unarmed and alone; for the negro, as soon
as I left the boat, had turned his face to
the sun and gone to sleep. I hallooed
for him, but in vain. My 'fortune,' like
my Callowhill companions, was evidently
about to be fulfilled. I felt too young to
die, I had every reason to wish to live,
and shuddered at the inglorious and
miserable manner of my death.

"You all know the nature of these ani-
mals; they will run for a man, (or rather
walk away from him,) unless wounded,
or in defence of their young; and in my
case, the bear no doubt looked at the
field of the slain, and charged me with the
whole 'bail of mortality,' and with the in-
tention of adding her cub. I would have
been too happy to have undressed her. But
on she came, backing her short ears and
showing her terrible teeth, rearing up,
first to the right and then to the left, but
never taking her fiery eyes off of mine
until almost in reach of me, when she
opened her arms, and I had a rifle ready with
both hands round the small of the back,
(the barrel-end being the heaviest,) and
as she made the next step, I let her have
it with all my strength directly on her
steeples. She recoiled a little, but before I
had time to repeat the blow I was pin-
ioned in the dreaded hind. She seemed to
know me, and adjusted her hold as
more effectively to secure my hands, fear-
ing perhaps, I might come the science
over her by dividing an artery. I felt the
powerful but gradual squeeze, and knew
too well that my lungs, once emptied of
breath, would never be filled again. I
looked for the last time, as I thought, upon
the blue sky, and the green woods above
and around me; thought of the pleasant
world I was about to leave, and the uncer-
tain one beyond, (with no very comfort-
ing assurances, I'm sorry to say,) and I
fairly given up, when crack! went a rifle
within five paces of us. I felt the bear
leaving through her whole frame; her
blazing eyes flickered for a second, then
were fixed, and a slim passed over them;
her limbs relaxed; she settled on her
haunches, and rolled over on her back.

"I was saved by an accurate shot from
Colonel Dick, who, with a trusty servant,
had gone out that morning in chase of the
bear, which had been seen by his negro
in the field. His dogs were put upon the
track, but left it for the trail of the cat,
whose screams had attracted him as well as
my own.